

The CHILD'S OWN ART BOOK



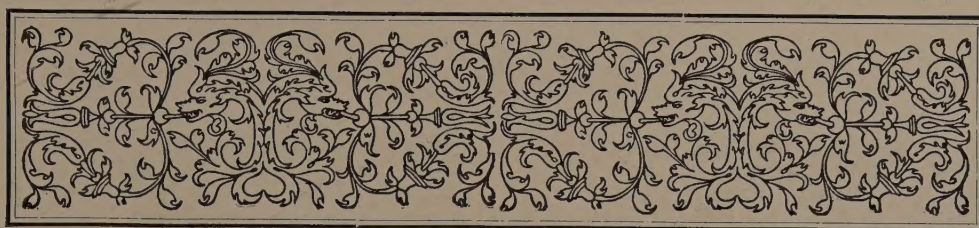
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L. PAPARA

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THE
CHILD'S OWN ART BOOK

BY
HELEN STRONG
AND
MAURICE LE COCQ



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PREFACE



THE authors have approached their task with a feeling of mingled pleasure and confidence. A feeling of pleasure, because it is impossible to study the treasures of the world without a keen sense of enjoyment. A feeling of confidence that this book will arouse in its little readers a love for beautiful paintings and a desire to know more about them.

For no apparent reason, the education of the American child in the field of art has been sadly neglected. The study of music and literature has always been fostered, but the child who is conversant with the world's great paintings and painters is the exception and not the rule.

This book is primarily intended for children from six years up. The simple little story which accompanies each picture only serves to awaken the interest of the child in the painting itself. It will revive the interest of the older people as well who will read the stories with the children.

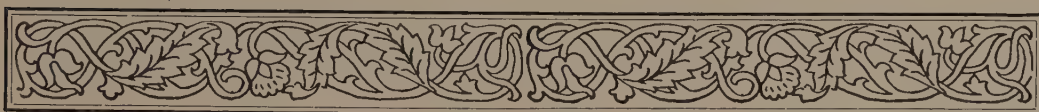
Several of the paintings which have been selected as subjects are now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Others are to be seen in various museums throughout Europe. If this book succeeds in stimulating interest in painting, and if it results in visits to the art museum or gallery which otherwise would not have been made, the authors will feel fully repaid for their labor.

TO
LITTLE ANITA
THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED



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THE MELON-EATERS

By MURILLO

THE two little boys walked slowly along. It was almost nightfall, and they had earned no money that day. It had been raining that afternoon, and the few people who were on the streets rushed by with no more than a hurried glance. Only one being seemed to care, a stray dog who had been following them.

Georges, the elder, played a mouth-instrument, while Jean, the younger, sang and danced a jig. This usually brought forth a shower of coins as a reward, but to-day not a single penny.

They were almost ready to drop to the ground from hunger and weariness, when a well-dressed man passed by. Perhaps it was the sight of their thin little faces, perhaps the thought of his own children at home, that made him stop. He took an apple from his pocket and threw it to them.

Georges quickly cut the apple into three pieces and, turning to his brother, said, "We must give some to the dog, Jean. He looks quite as hungry as we."

The gentleman who had stopped to watch the boys walked over to them. "My boys," he said, "if you can afford to give always one third of what you own, your hearts are bigger than most men's." And he went into a fruit store and bought a huge basket of fruit, which you now see them enjoying immensely.

BARTOLOMÉ MURILLO was born in Seville, Spain, in 1617. He was the greatest Spanish painter of the day, and some people think him the greatest Spanish painter of all time. Unlike most of the world's great artists, who traveled around the world, Murillo did all of his work at home. He died in 1682.





PICTURE OF A LITTLE BOY

By GREUZE



OW tired this little boy looks! He has just come home from playing, and you know how tired you can be when you have been playing all day long.

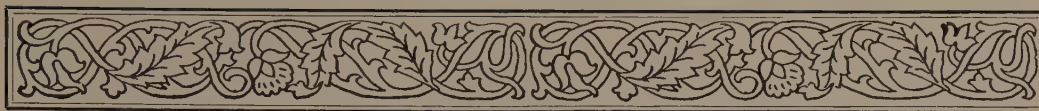
He and his friends have been playing "Tag."

If you haven't played Tag, you certainly have missed a lot of fun. You run and run until you are ready to drop to the ground from weariness. But instead, you keep right on running.

Now his eyes are slowly closing. He can hardly wait until he gets to bed before he falls asleep. Down drops his head upon the pillow; he is safe in Slumberland.

JEAN GREUZE is one of the great painters France has given us. He was born in 1725 and died in Paris in 1805. Like so many artists, he liked to paint the portraits of little children.





DON CARLOS

By VELASQUEZ

KING PHILIP loved his little son Carlos dearly. For Carlos was a lovely boy, who never answered back when his father scolded him, nor cried when he could not get what he wanted. Of course, he usually had everything that he could possibly want, for in those days Spain was the richest country in the world, and the king of Spain had only to ask for something and it was his.

Like all the boys of those days, little Carlos was taught horseback riding as soon as he was able to walk. By the time he was seven years old, he could ride wonderfully well.

On his seventh birthday, because he had been so good and kind and gentle, King Philip gave Carlos the present which he had prayed for night and day. Can you guess what it was? A Shetland pony!

Oh, what good times Carlos had with his new friend Gip! They would gallop up and down the hills, across the fields and meadows, from early morning till late at night. I am quite sure that Carlos often raced away in the morning before breakfast, and would have forgotten all about dinner and supper had not Gip reminded him that one can't run forever on an empty stomach.

This is one of Velasquez's paintings. Velasquez, a very great artist, spent most of his life as royal painter at the court of King Philip of Spain. He was born in Seville in 1599 and died in Madrid in 1660.





THE OUTCAST

BY BOTTICELLI



HIS is another of Botticelli's wonderful paintings.

In far-away Spain lived a rich man and his beautiful daughter, Maria. Maria had everything that money could buy, for her father was very fond of her. But two things he could not give her — a good temper and a kind heart.

At last the father decided to teach his daughter a lesson, which she would remember forever. One day he found her pulling a little dog's tail until the puppy screamed with pain. The father ordered Maria from the house, and told her never to return.

Maria, who had never expected any punishment such as this, threw herself upon the doorstep and began to cry as if her heart would break. But the father, watching from the window above, only pressed his lips together and silently shook his head.

As Maria wept, she heard a cry of "Tweet! Tweet!" and looking down, she saw a robin hopping about and shivering from the cold wind. An hour before, Maria would have paid no attention to the little bird, but what a difference one hour of her life had made! She too was all alone in the world, cold and friendless, and her heart went out to the poor little creature. With a cry of pity she picked up the robin, and covering him with her shawl, let him lie down in her arms. And the father, looking down from above, was happy.

In a few moments he had thrown open the gate, and Maria tumbled into the warm house. Crying, she told her father that never, never again would she hurt or tease a poor little animal. And I am sure that she kept her word.





LAVINIA

By TITIAN



LAVINIA was the daughter of Titian, the great Italian artist, some of whose paintings you have already seen. She was a beautiful girl and as good as she was beautiful. Although her father was a very rich man, and she had everything that she could want, she was only happy when making others happy.

Lavinia lived in a beautiful house, surrounded by trees and pretty gardens. There were a great many servants to do the work, but Lavinia always liked to take care of the flowers and fruit trees herself. Because of the lovely fruit which they bore, the trees became famous throughout the land as Lavinia's Trees.

But don't think for a moment that she kept the fruit only for herself or her parents. Every day she would visit the poor peasants of the neighborhood and leave behind her large baskets of peaches, oranges or plums. No wonder that the people loved and adored her.





MONA LISA

By LEONARDO DA VINCI



IN Florence, Italy, there lived a beautiful young noblewoman named Mona Lisa. Balls and dances were always being held at the court of the king of Italy, but Lisa chose rather to visit the sick and help the poor people of the city. They, in turn, loved her dearly, and she soon became known as the "Guardian Angel of Florence."

Wherever Lisa went, she carried happiness to someone. Her sweet smile, as she tenderly touched the head of some sick child, never failed to lighten the pain.

The king could not help but see the good work Mona Lisa was doing among his subjects. As he could not reward her with gold or beautiful entertainments, for she found no pleasure in either, he decided to have her portrait painted, that her memory might live forever. He therefore ordered the greatest painter in Italy, Leonardo da Vinci, to come to Florence at once.

How well Leonardo has succeeded in his task! More than three hundred years have passed by since the days of Mona Lisa, but her sweet smile and beautiful hands are famous throughout the world.

LEONARDO DA VINCI was born in Tuscany, Italy, in 1452 and died in Amboise in 1519.





ROMULUS AND REMUS

By RUBENS



ANY, many years ago, a wicked king drove his brother from the throne, and gave orders that the king's little grandchildren be killed at once.

Two servants placed the two baby boys in a basket and threw the basket into the river, just as Moses had been thrown into the rushes, thousands of years before. But the angels, who were angry at what the king had done, watched the basket carefully and washed it ashore at the foot of a mountain.

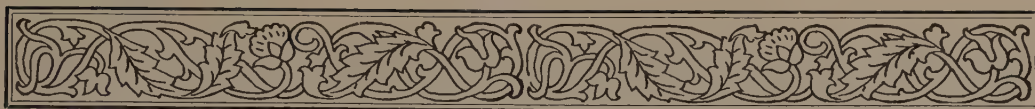
The little boys, who had slept peacefully through it all, soon awoke and began to cry. A mother-wolf, who had come to the river to look for her own lost cubs, heard their cries and took pity on them. Picking up the basket in her teeth, she carried the babies to her cave. Here she fed and washed them as she would her own cubs.

As the years went by, the babies grew up to be handsome boys. One day one of the king's shepherds stumbled upon the cave and found the two beautiful children, as happy as if they were living in a palace. He took them home with him to his wife, and she welcomed them as her own children.

How Romulus and Remus grew up into manhood and overthrew the wicked king is a long, long story. It is enough to say that many, many years later Romulus was crowned king and founded the famous city which now bears his name—Rome.

RUBENS was born in Flanders in 1577 and died in Antwerp in 1640. When he was still a young man he traveled about Europe a great deal and his paintings became famous throughout England, France, and Spain. "Romulus and Remus" is one of his best known works.





JOHN THE BAPTIST

By TITIAN



HIS is another painting of Titian's. As you see, he was very fond of using a child as his subject.

How often have you gone to the park and stopped to watch the sheep as they played in the meadow? It may seem strange, but thousands of years ago, before anyone ever dreamt of trains or trolley-cars or automobiles, every man who could afford to owned a flock of sheep.

Each flock was watched over by a shepherd, who usually was a little boy ten or eleven years old. Early in the morning the sheep were turned out into the fields to graze, and they were never brought back until evening.

In those days there were no books to read, and the little shepherd-lads found it hard to pass away the time. Whenever they had a chance, they would meet, and play games and tell stories to one another.

With all their fun, I don't think that any of us would change places with them. Would we?





NURSE WITH CHILD

By FRANZ HALS



OW many times have you gone to the photographer to have your picture taken? As you sat there waiting for the camera to click, you thought that at least an hour had gone by since you were told to "Look cheerful; smile prettily!"

Well, just think how hard it must have been for this poor baby to sit perfectly still for hours at a time, while the artist painted her portrait. It is bad enough in these days, when dresses are loose-fitting and comfortable. Imagine how this poor little girl must have felt with a stiff, starched collar, with ruffles on her sleeves, a skirt as round and wide as a balloon, and worst of all, a tight-fitting linen cap over her head. No wonder that the nurse had to bounce an apple before the baby's eyes to keep her laughing. I should have felt more like crying, wouldn't you?

This is one of Franz Hals' loveliest paintings. He must have loved babies, for he painted so many of them.

FRANZ HALS, a very famous Dutch artist, was born in Antwerp, Holland, in 1584. He died in Haarlem in 1666.





OLD WOMAN CUTTING HER NAILS

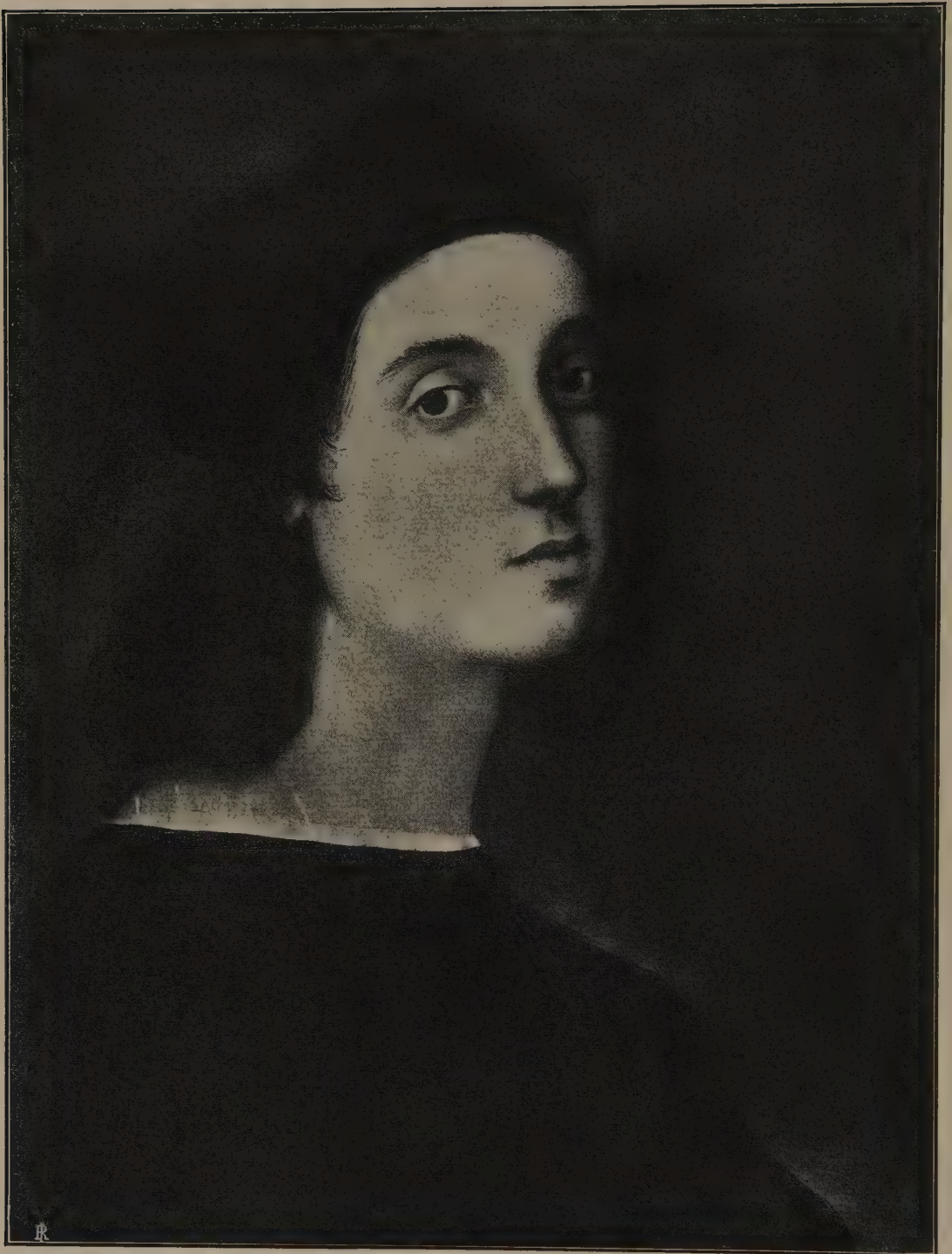
By REMBRANDT

IN a little town in Scotland, not far from the city of Edinburgh, lives the Little Old Lady of Mystery. What her name is, how old she is, when she came there, no one seems to know. She has lived there forever, it seems, for the oldest man in town, ninety years of age, cannot remember the day when there was no Little Old Lady of Mystery.

Now she is poor, but some day, long ago, she must have been rich. For in spite of all the troubles that life has brought her, she still clings to the good habits which her mother taught her when she was a little girl. Before and after every meal she washes her hands and, taking out her gold nail-clipper, carefully attends to her nails.

No stranger ever dares leave town without first peeping in at the little old cottage, not far from the village church. There she always sits, before the fireplace, a red mantle thrown over her shoulders and the little nail-clipper in her hands.

This painting is shown in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. Go and see it!





RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

BY RAPHAEL

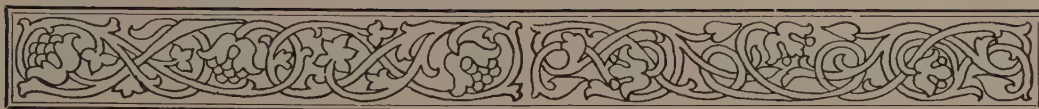


It is not a very easy thing to paint a person's portrait. But just imagine how much harder it must be to paint one's own portrait. Yet that is just what Raphael did, and the picture of himself as a young man is one of his most famous paintings.

Raphael was born in Urbino, Italy, in 1483. As a child of ten years he showed such talent for painting that he became the pupil of a very famous Italian artist, Perugino. Raphael improved very rapidly and in a few years became well known throughout Europe for his beautiful art.

Although he died at Rome, in 1520, when still a young man, Raphael has gone down in history as one of the world's greatest painters.





AURORA

By GUIDO RENI



AVE you ever stopped to think that all through the night and day you are being watched and cared for by the angels? At night, when the Sandman comes to lull you to sleep, the angels are more careful than ever and often help the Sandman select your dreams.

Every morning of the year the sun rises slowly over the hills. And far up in the sky, above the clouds, this takes place: Phoebus, God of the sun, who must see that all the little children on earth are kept warm, jumps into his golden wagon, ready to start. His four horses stand perfectly still as the Hours come forward and surround Phoebus. It is their duty to see that the little children are never late during the day. Lucifer, angel of the Morning Star, circles overhead, anxious to be off. He must wake up the little children and cannot wait for the others. In his hand he carries a torch, and so swiftly does he fly that the flame is almost blown out by the morning breeze. Aurora herself, Goddess of the Dawn, floats gracefully above the clouds and then gives the signal—the horses are off: another day is begun.

GUIDO RENI was born in Bologna in 1575 and died in 1642.





HILLE BOBBE

By FRANZ HALS



HIS is another painting by Franz Hals, but not as cheerful as the other one we have seen.

There are a great many people in this world who have not heard of the town of Haarlem in Holland, but there are very few who do not know the story of Hille Bobbe, the fisherwoman of Haarlem.

Hille Bobbe and her sailor-husband lived happily in their little cottage for many years. One day while the husband was at sea, a heavy storm arose, and the poor man was washed overboard and drowned. From that time on Hille Bobbe was a changed woman. She shut herself up in her little home, with only her parrot and furniture for company, and only was seen in the village when she needed food and drink.

She soon became a well-known figure. With parrot on shoulder and beer mug in hand, she would hobble down the street. Then with never a word to anyone, she would limp home again.

Gradually people became afraid to go near her cottage, and the little children would run away from her on the street. As time went by, an artist who had heard stories of the strange woman of Haarlem, came to town. Despite everyone's warnings he went to the little cottage, and sitting down in front of Hille Bobbe herself, began to paint her portrait. When he was finished, he slowly turned the picture around and showed it to the old fisherwoman. Hille Bobbe, who had not looked into a mirror for many years, was so frightened at what she saw that she fell over, dead. The beer mug snapped shut with a clink, and the parrot laughed merrily.

This is the tale of Hille Bobbe!

This painting is shown in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. Go and see it!





TITUS

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS SON



HIS handsome young man is Titus, the son of the famous Dutch painter Rembrandt. History does not tell us Titus' full name, but it could hardly have been as long as his father's. How would you like to sign your name like this? Paul Harmens van Ryn Rembrandt. It must have taken him a long time to write that out every time he signed his name.

Titus died when he was still a young man, but during his short life he often served as model for his father. This portrait was painted when Titus was a boy of fourteen. I think that he has a rather sad face, don't you?

This painting is shown in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. Go and see it!





OLD LADY PEELING APPLES

By NICHOLAS MAES



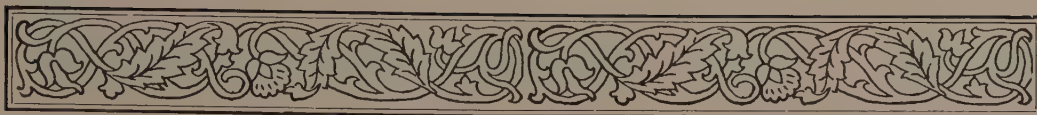
HE little old lady smiles to herself as she rocks to and fro. What a fine time the little girls will have! Candies and cakes and cookies! Oh! what wonderful cookies they are—the kind that just melt in your mouth.

The little old lady smiles again as she thinks of it. How the boys will shout as they spy all the goodies on the table! And then, best of all, a Christmas tree with pretty red and yellow candles flickering as if to make up their minds whether or not to stay lit. And a stockingful of presents from Santa Claus for each of them.

This time she laughs aloud for joy. For she is the Fairy Godmother of all the poor children of the neighborhood. Every Christmas day she invites them all to her house for a little party. I wonder who enjoys it more, she or the children.

NICHOLAS MAES was born in Dordrecht in 1632. He died in Amsterdam in 1693.





THE THREE AGES

By TITIAN



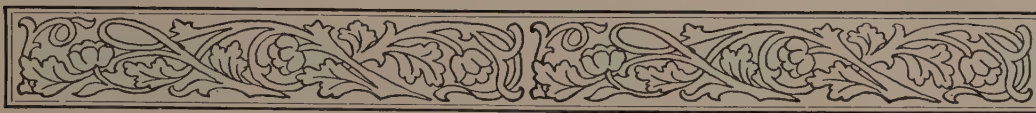
CHILDHOOD, Youth, and Old Age—these are three of the periods of Life. We are babies, tiny, plump and merry, when we first begin to peep about and notice what is going on around us. Then, as we grow a little older, we romp and play the whole day long. Although we are sleepy enough when Mother tucks us in at night, we only wish that the day were twice as long, so that we could go right on playing forever.

A few years pass by, and we start to go to school. Now there is less chance for play, for school means studies, and studies take up a great deal of time. As we grow a little older, we begin to play the piano or the violin, and then—what with studying and practising—oh, we are so busy!

And so it is. The older we grow, the less time we have for playing and the more for working. But if we are to be happy and successful when we grow up to be men and women, we must first learn well the lessons of childhood—Love, Obedience and Respect.

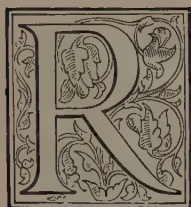
TITIAN, whose painting this is, was born in Italy in 1477 and died there in 1576. As you see, he lived to the ripe old age of 99 years, and some of his most wonderful works were painted during the last few years of his life. Strange as it may seem, he liked best to paint the portrait of young people.





MADONNA

By RAPHAEL



APHAEL, some of whose paintings we have studied, and whom we all know as a very great artist, studied very hard as a young man. Like all boys, he soon found that "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." So every afternoon he would put away his paint brushes and go for a long, long walk through the woods, to his favorite spot.

There, under the spreading arms of a friendly tree, by the side of a little brook, he would lie down and dream of the days when he would be a great man, and people would point their fingers at him and say, "There goes Raphael, the great painter!"

One day, as he lay in the grass, half asleep, he looked down at the merry little brook and saw two little boys peeping up at him from the water. "Just like two little angels," thought Raphael.

All the way homeward he could not forget the faces of the little boys. He sat down at his easel, to finish a picture which was soon to hang in the church in Naples. Before he knew what he was really doing, he had drawn the pictures of the two little boys, just as they had looked up at him from the brook.

I wonder, when the little boys grew up, if they ever went to that little church in Naples. If they did, just imagine how surprised they must have been!





LANDSCAPE

By HOBBEEMA



EVERYONE called him the "Poor Little Prince." He lived in a wonderful castle; he had beautiful clothes and toys and games, and still he was not happy. For he was lonely—oh, so terribly lonely!

Have you ever thought how you would feel if you had no little friends or playmates? Well, this little 'prince had no playmates at all, except his big dog Rollo. He was not allowed to play with the little peasant children, for he was a prince, who some day would be their king.

Once in a great while the little boy was allowed to take Rollo for a little walk. They would walk very slowly down the muddy road, between the two long rows of trees. On either side of the road, as far as they could see, were miles and miles of farm land. As the little boy walked by, the peasants would rush over to the roadside and raise their hats.

But when he saw the little children playing in the fields, it always made him a little unhappy. He would think to himself, "If I could only for a moment forget that I am a prince and join them in their games. If I could only change places with them for a few hours."

MEINDERT HOBBEEMA was born in Holland in 1638 and died in 1709. His best known paintings are country and forest scenes. This picture, which hangs in the London National Gallery, is his most famous.





SPRING

By BOTTICELLI



HE angels who live in the sky, far up above the clouds, are the guardian angels of all the little children on this earth. Each one has a different duty to perform: One teaches the little ones to be obedient to their parents; another one teaches them to love their brothers and sisters; from a third one they learn to be kind to dumb animals.

Whenever a little child is born, the angels dance and sing for happiness and joy. They must never quarrel, for if they do, it means that the child will be unhappy throughout its life. So they are careful never to say an angry word, or even speak hastily, and in this way they set all of us a good example.

BOTTICELLI, one of the earliest of our great painters, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1447. He died in 1510. Most of his paintings are those of people in the Bible.





THE MOTHER AND THE MINISTER

BY REMBRANDT



great many years have gone by since this white-haired lady has seen her son, years which have dragged along until they seemed twice as long as they really were.

Her boy had left England to sail across the seas to America, when he was only a youngster, and now he has come back to her a full-grown man. She can hardly believe it as she looks at him. Tall, well built, with a dark, full beard, can this be the smiling boy who left her twenty years ago? She listens quietly to his strong deep voice, as he tells her everything that has happened while he was away. And she is proud of her son, as she thinks of what a good, kind man he has turned out to be. It is worth all the long years of waiting, to have him back with her again.

REMBRANDT, the great Dutch painter, was born in Holland in 1608 and died there in 1669. You can recognize his paintings by the wonderful coloring and shading.

